

HUMOROUS WEEKLY

Puck

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COALITION HOUSE

Bargains ready to be made
at any time.



BY TRICK AND DEVICE.

PUCK:—"Hallo, Senator, aren't you driving your critter the wrong way?"

"PADDY" CONKLING:—"Whist! Sure the baste thinks he's on the regular Republican track; but it's the only road that'll take me to the Senate."

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TAMMANY VICTORIOUS AT THE ALBANY CONVENTION.

PUCK is not easily daunted by difficulties; and although anything but pleased at the result of the Albany Convention, by the endorsement of John Kelly by his creatures and the Canal Ring, PUCK comes up again smiling as an uncompromising enemy of that powerful but corrupt organization, Tammany, whose baleful influence extends throughout the State. A victory at the polls does not necessarily follow a victory at a convention; although it goes a long way towards it; and if Anti-Tammany and Republicans would go back on their principles and sink party for the nonce, the defeat of John Kelly would be assured. Even in such a case a very bad ticket might be elected, but anything is better than giving Boss Kelly greater power than he, unfortunately for New York, already possesses. The present state of politics illustrates forcibly the necessity for the formation of new parties. The terms, Democrat and Republican, have entirely lost their significance; both number amongst them an equally good supply of thieves and political ruffians. PUCK wants no machine Republicans, nor machine Democrats, but he wants honest people to form a party of honest men, to send fairly honest men to office.

The people can do this if they please. Did they but know their strength and the sound common sense that exists among the non-political portion of the community, useless schemers like John Kelly would have to find other fields for their nefarious little games.

BANKING BANDITTI.

As bank after bank collapses, and the hard-earned savings of the confiding depositors are appropriated and squandered by the rascals who have had control of the institutions, the question arises as to whether there is such a thing as a sound savings bank in the country. We are almost inclined to doubt it. True, there are certain concerns that have a high reputation, that show ostensibly safe investments and a large surplus, but what guarantee is there that they are not as rotten as the worst of them? One fine morning the president, the cashier or one of the other knavish officers will have disappeared, and then people will sagely remark "who'd have thought it?" The pious president was probably a deacon of his church, and the cashier noted for his early piety and his admirable method of engineering a Sunday-school class, and fitting its members for a Christian and godly life, that they might find grace in the sight of God and man. In short, just the style of fellow to Gilmanize everybody with whom he came in contact—for that precious canting robber was a shining light in the Sunday-school.

Then there will be statements and counter-statements and indignation meetings. Every humbug trustee or director will throw the blame on another trustee or director. The thieves will get off scot free, not a cent will ever be paid to the unfortunate depositors, and then the whole business will die a natural death, and there'll be no more excitement until the next

savings bank wheels into the certain line of smash.

But there is a functionary called a State Bank Inspector, who is supposed to look after the stability of these institutions. He and all his predecessors have always been wonderfully wise after the event. Incompetents one and all, more fools than knaves—though perhaps a little of both—they have at least performed one part of their duties in a most praiseworthy and efficient manner; for they have drawn their salaries with admirable regularity. The State Inspector, just to show that he's no slouch, sometimes directs a bank to be closed when it is about doing so of its own accord, owing to the cash on hand being reduced to seventy-five cents and a few peanut storage receipts, just as a coffin might be ordered when a man is drawing his last breath.

The punishment, or, more properly speaking, the apology for punishment, inflicted on bank defaulters is neither more nor less than farcical, and, if it does assume any degree of severity at all, so much consideration is shown for the feelings of these often well-bred thieves that they look upon the business as a good joke, which only causes them but slight, if any, inconvenience.

The misery to thousands for which these unprincipled scoundrels are responsible is incalculable, but the theme is an old one, and we should only run into platitudes were we to enlarge on it.

We have, however, a suggestion to offer, the adoption of which would insure perfect security for depositors and safeguard against absconding bank officials.

As the manifest destiny of every director, president, cashier and trustee of a savings bank is, sooner or later, the State Prison, it is well to take time by the forelock. The fact of a man being a candidate for a position in a bank ought to insure his conviction and sentence for a long term of years. The business of the bank could then be carried on in the jail, and, with the cashier and the president well fettered, and the eyes of the prison authorities on them, the chances of stealing and escape with the booty would be reduced to a minimum.

PUCK wouldn't advise anybody to keep another cent in a savings bank, whether it bears a good, bad or indifferent reputation. Not one of them is to be trusted. Withdraw your money, and, if you can't find other use for it, hoard it, keep it in a stocking, or lodge it with a good private banking firm, or reputable joint-stock bank, and pay them, if necessary, to take care of it for you—put it anywhere but in any of the so-called savings banks. Do this until the National Government offers some facility for taking care of the savings of the working classes, even without paying interest—and then bless PUCK.

Puckerings.

If things go on like this, it soon won't be safe to ask after your friend's brother without adding: "What did you say his deficit was?"

JUDGE GILDERSLEEVE is the only man on record who has ever got ahead of the gay reporter. A representative of the *Sun* called on him the other day, and the Judge managed to incorporate in the interview a gratuitous statement to the effect that quail-shooting would not be in order until the first of November. The reporter was discharged the next day; but legal acumen remains one ahead of journalism up to date.

THE meek and unobtrusive anthracite is gradually creeping up in popular estimation; and somehow we are getting to look upon the ice-cart without the love and reverence with which we have regarded it during the past four months.

A MAN came into our office, last week, with a newly-discovered style of paragraph. The man now sleeps in the cold and silent grave; but we are hesitating whether to take upon ourselves the awful responsibility of launching that new paragraphic terror upon an already stricken world.

It appears that it was not the painter, Werdt-schagin, but his brother, who was killed at Plevna. But we do not see the use of spending money in cable telegrams to announce the fact. It is not probable that the other brother will long survive to bear the name alone. He will sink under the burden.

HE takes out his last winter's stovepipe, and he looks at it dubiously for about three minutes and a half. Then he goes through a mental calculation, and his pale lips tremulously form the syllables: "Nine dollars." And then he puts it down, and remarks that it is not toney to wear a silk hat before December, anyway.

THIS is the season when the incautious housewife defies Old Probabilities and hangs her Monday wash on the line, just the same as ever; and the first autumn gale comes along, but does not stay. And the ensuing Sunday her husband remarks that religion may be a consolation and a comfort, but he isn't going to church without a biled shirt, if Christianity totters on its foundations.

Just about now, the careful matron returns from rural joys and smells tobacco-smoke in the parlor curtains, and remarks: "Mr. Smith, if, while I am in the country, endeavoring to economize, and taking care of the health of my children, you choose to turn this house into a beer-garden, for yourself and your boorish down-town associates—very well, sir, that is all I have to say!"

"WE sat in the mighty shadow of the temple of Karnak. The golden Nile flowed at our feet, shimmering in the last rays of the tropic sun. In the far distance the pyramids lifted their majestic tops. I sat with my arm about her waist; her passionate breath was warm upon my cheek; I felt the subtle magnetism of her presence in every fibre of my frame. Suddenly raising her head, she lifted her dark eyes to mine and said: 'You will never, never tell Mark Antony that I sat here with you?' I said I would not."—*Extract from the unpublished Autobiography of W. B. Allen.*

WHEN the philosophic Isaac Newton came home from a walk, and found that his pet dog, Diamond, had destroyed papers containing the result of years of labor, he did not hurt the dog; he simply said: "Oh, Diamond, if you could only know what mischief you have done!" But to us, this does no more than show the extraordinary paucity of Mr. Newton's vocabulary. If he had lived in these days, he would have remarked to Diamond: "Ahhh! cully, come off, you young duffer. You're too fresh!" Science has made giant strides within the last century.

ELI PERKINS'S RIVAL.

HE came in with his face innocent of guile and soap, and removed his dilapidated hat with one hand, and fumbled in his coat-tail pocket with the other. Heaving a sigh four feet in diameter he feelingly observed:

"I s'pose you've heard of Benny's death?"

"Benny whom?" we inquired, breaking off in the middle of an entirely new joke about Dr. Mary Walker's trousers.

"Benny Franklin. Haven't you heard the news? His death is a great loss to the profession. He was the boss printer, you know. Could set more type in two hours than you could read in a whole day. Worked on old Bennett's *Herald*, and the Oshkosh *Mirror*, and Greeley's *Tribune*, and lots of other leading newspapers when they were in their infancy. But he's gone now—his form is locked up in death; he has shown the Great Author a clean proof—and the Typographical Union No. 77½ has appointed a committee of twelve to collect funds for the erection of a monument over the grave of the deceased typo. I have the honor to form a fraction of that committee, and"—drawing forth a greasy pass-book—"if you will have the kindness to put your name down here for fif—"

"Was Mr. Franklin a fast compositor?" we interrupted.

"Fast?" echoed Eli's rival. "Well, I should think he was. You just ought to 've seen him one day setting type for a silver-plated composing stick and the championship of the world. Why, friend, you'd have thought five hundred hands were prancing over his case all at one time. Fact. Five editors undertook to supply Benny with copy, but lor' bless you! they couldn't keep him going worth a cent. Two column editorials on the Turko-Russian war were bounced into type like lightning, with all the jaw-twisting names of the Russian generals and towns spelled out as accurate and plumb as the multiplication table; and when them fine editors had exhausted all such topics as the President's southern policy, and Tweed's confession, and the Remonetization of silver, and the Labor Problem, and were perspiring like a sprinkling cart, what did they do but just clip leaf after leaf out of the big dictionary, and sent that up to Benny, and before night the whole of Webster's Unabridged was on galleys in solid nonpareil. I should think he was fast," continued the liar. "Why, after the dictionary was all used up, Benny was just as fresh as if he had only set up four sticks of leaded poetry, while the five editors were sweating and puffing and panting like a locomotive trying to get over twenty-five yards of greased track, and they threatened to knock the brains out of the over-worked devil who popped his head in the door every two minutes and yelled 'more copy!'"

But they played it sharp on Benny before the four hours were up. He was setting against time, you know. Them buccaneer editors scissored seventy pages out of a Greek testament and sent 'em up to Benny, and this sort 'o discouraged him. He understood the language, but he lost time in translating it into English, you know. But he won the championship and the silver-plated stick, and it took fifteen printers two weeks to distribute his type. Yes, Benny was rather a fast setter, and if you will contribute the small sum of fif—"

"The office in which Mr. Franklin performed this wonderful feat—it was pretty well stocked with type, wasn't it?"

"Ah—well—er—you see," replied the liar, "there was a type-foundry in the rear, and all hands were engaged, for that day only, in casting type for Benny's cases. He had twenty-five

of 'em, and fifty printers were kept pretty busy distributing the type. O, Benny was fast—probably the fastest printer that ever lived—and now, if you will hand over fifty cents for his monument, I will call again some time and tell you how many columns of figure-work he distributed in twenty-two minutes. Only fif—"

"When did Mr. Franklin die?" we again interrupted.

"Er—now—er—let—me—see," mused the liar. "I don't just 'actly remember now, but I think it was more 'n three weeks ago. The charter of our Union is still draped in mourning for the lamented old typo, and if you will just put your name at the top of this clean page, and deposit your fifty cents in my hands, it will be put where it will do the most good."

"We have no fifty cents to spare for such a purpose," we replied, resuming work on the Dr. Mary Walker joke.

"What!" he exclaimed, replacing his shabby castor—"not subscribe a paltry half-dollar of our Daddies for a monument to the memory of one of the oldest and fastest printers that ever lived! Did I understand you to say that you would not invest?"

"You did. We never heard of Benjamin Franklin, and don't believe such a man ever lived."

"Well, now look a here, boss," said the Perkins's rival, putting his book in his pocket, "Benny is not a myth, and he is not suffering for a monument, you know; but your humble servant hasn't had a morsel to eat for twenty-six hours, and if you could give me ten cents to buy a loaf of bread and a little water, your petitioner will ever pray, and so forth, and the printing angels—"

About a quarter of a second less than 2.15 was the time he made as he went out of the door—and he was seen again no more forever.

STARTLING REVELATIONS.

(THAT WOULD NOW BE IN ORDER.)

From our distinguished spy.

MY exposures of the wretch locked up in Ludlow Street Jail have by no means been sold out, Puck, though I must say I have got pretty good pay for those I have parted with. The remainder, I assure you, are rich, perfectly rich, and well worth a dollar a line to any enterprising newspaper. You can have a few at half price, cash down.

As the confidential secretary of Mr. Tweed, or rather the trusted companion, and the literary scribe likewise, I had peculiar advantages for learning things. Mr. Tweed paid me well, very well indeed; but I kept my eyes and ears open in my own behalf as well as his. Number one, my boy, number one! And I have a family.

Among Mr. Tweed's lady friends was an aunt of mine, quite young and good-looking. I state it with extreme sorrow, but Mr. Tweed's wealth had a magical effect on the poor girl. I cannot say, I will not believe, that there was anything wrong in the acquaintance; but I want no words from Mr. Tweed as to my relations with him which are not entirely respectful—he must understand that.

In days past my grandmother had business relations with Mr. Tweed. She was an old lady, and not remarkable for intellect, except as to a singular desire for the possession of money. She was with Tweed in a contract of some kind, and I have heard that she made many thousands of dollars out of it in a not strictly legitimate manner. I think Mr. Tweed will remember the matter. He can—ha! ha!—he can give the details better than I can, and I trust he will remember them sufficiently to see that he had better let me alone.

I have a second cousin who seems to have been exceedingly fortunate in obtaining money from Mr. Tweed. Beautiful girl, but poor—very poor. At a party of the Americus Club she met the then hale old man, and in a short time she rode in her carriage, with the usual footman and all the accessories. Now heaven forbid that the public should draw more inferences from this state of things; but I must defend myself from various charges preferred by Mr. Tweed, and I shall do my duty, regardless of the characters of all my relatives. I am a man who knows his duty and never flinches from it.

I will not deny that Mr. Tweed and I have had many a good time together. The old man placed the most implicit confidence in me, and hence matters were easy. He paid me well for my companionship, and I thought at one time it might possibly be the wages of sin; but I argued that the public would eventually get a knowledge of all the facts through me, and evil might be done—at a good salary—that good might come of it.

Let me give you a little circumstance. Let me invite the especial attention of the old wretch in Ludlow Street Jail to it, as also to the significant fact that I have many more like it, and he must be circumspect or they will be given to the broad light of day. During the period shortly anterior to Tweed's arrest, the old man was sitting in his private office, when there entered a woman mysteriously veiled and apparently in great agitation. Mr. Tweed, previous to her entrance, had motioned me into a large and not particularly inviting coal-box, winking a wink which signified, "Listen, my boy." The lady said, "I have come once more for satisfaction, Mr. Tweed. I am in sore trouble, and you are the cause of it. I am in need of money, and you can give it to me."

The old man, who is at times the very soul of meanness, winced, but said she shouldn't have a cent. She urged, and after a time, during which there were revelations which I think would startle the public—ha, ha! how is it, Mr. Tweed?—he drew a roll from his vest-pocket, and cast at her a ten-dollar bill as he would cast a bone to a dog. It was so deucedly meanly done that I was indignant about it myself. She picked up the bill with something of a dog's eagerness, for I suspect she was hungry. She threw aside the veil for a moment, and I saw, to my intense astonishment, the face of my sis—

Mr. Tweed, shall I go on with this story? Mr. Tweed, shall I tell an indignant public what an indignant public most wants to know? My duty to that public is above all other earthly considerations, and I tell you to remember it. I shall continue to criticise your actions, my worthy fellow, as gently as possible; but don't tread on me.

The public's faithful servant,

CAROLUS O'FERGUSON FERGUS.

TOO MUCH SCIENCE.

THE death of a fashion correspondent is reported from Grand Rapids, Mich. She tackled a stray copy of Euclid, under the impression that it was a sewing-machine company's book of dress-patterns. She struck Proposition V. in spherical trigonometry, and gazed on it once and said: "I know what a fichu basting on a purple polonaise is, and I have met with barège cretonnes cut bias, but when it comes to making dresses for humpbacked women, and trimming them with isosceles and perpendiculars at right angles to the plane AEG, then indeed, I feel that I am not fitted to solve life's terrible mystery."

PUCK'S SENSATIONAL NOVELS.

I.
THE PRESENT, PAST AND
FUTURE.

A MORAL TALE,

BY O. T.

CHAPTER I.

HE was standing, idly toying with one of his jeweled hands in his hair, musing over the old, old piece of Etruscan ear-ring he was holding with the other, when suddenly he started up, exclaiming:

"Clarissa, would'st not it were centuries ago, that we might together drift adown the tide in our gondola in old Venice?"

The fair young girl thus addressed looked up from the piece of antique tapestry she was arranging upon an old loom, with a sweet, sad smile.

"Sometimes, Alfonso, I long to fly from this too, too new country of ours back again into the past—anywhere—anywhere but this newness."

Clarissa sighed, and a tear stood in her left eye.

"Ah, Clarissa, hast thou read that sweetly ideal psychic poem in last *Atlantic* to that unreal antiqueness—that evangelical oldness—fell from the daily reality into the unconditional classicality—oh—"

Alfonso was interrupted in this really beautiful train of thought by a loud knock on the elegant ingrained, marbled door of the *boudoir*.

Hastily seizing an ancient sword that hung o'er the old-fashioned hearth, Alfonso placed himself in an attitude of defense.

A servant, clad in complete armor, the well-recognized livery of the Smythes, entered, bearing a chased salver of silver; on the salver was a card; on the card was written in old English text:

Simeon Israel Hardenburgh,
De Seller of ye Antique.

"William, thou did'st knock much too loudly," said Clarissa, in a reproving tone.

William bowed low.

"Show the dealer in the ancient wares into the audience-chamber. I will adown anon."

Before William departed, he drew from his pocket an edition, in fifteen small volumes, of "Froissart's Chronicles," and opening to the proper page, placed the book in the hands of his mistress, and silently departed.

"What is it William sheweth to thee, Clarissa?" said Alfonso.

"'Tis naught but this," and thereupon the survaunt did knocke boldlie, and as it was the custom from ancient times, struck lustilie three times, and did enter the room.

A blush stole over Clarissa's cheek.

"William, thou deservest not merely to serve us our vulgar food," thought she.

CHAPTER II.

[Notice—from the kind-hearted author.]

The reader, who has without doubt become greatly excited over the development of this old plot, will gladly escape reading this chapter, devoted, as it is, principally to didactic studies in old carpets and decaying statuary, and pass on to

CHAPTER III.

"Alas, alas, alas!" shrieked hideous Heinrich Hadze, while he tore up and down, up and down his narrow cell at Sing-Sing. "Oh, to think that I killed my wife and child, and let my mother-in-law escape—alas, alas, alas!" and he gnawed frantically upon two heavy iron bars, until he had succeeded in thrusting his eager face into the open, free air outside the prison wall. "See, there is the noble Hudson; off to the left is New York, my home, and there is Buffalo and Niagara Falls, and to the northward lies Montreal." While thus musing o'er the landscape, suddenly he heard a voice:

"Why, brother, have we thus incarcerated you within this gloomy receptacle? Is this the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century, when we thus shut up our fellow-man? I should be there, my flock should be there, and you here. Yes, yes, you are the victim of what in time—I hope in no distant future—will be done away with entirely. A few more years, and poor demented fellow-mortals, such as I suppose you are, will only have a little gentle nursing back to perfection from what the cold, wicked world now calls crime."

Heinrich bowed his head and wept.

"Yes," continued this noble philanthropist, "let me rather suffer, and you, poor, afflicted, so-called criminal, escape to the joys of freedom and—"

Here Heinrich leaned rather too far out of the prison window. Did he fall? Gentle reader, wait.

CHAPTER IV.

To return to Alfonso and his lovely bride. She was playing on an ivory curzonet, and singing softly those lovely words of Celia Thaxter:

"Oh, where in the everlasting,
When psychic souls no more
Float here on the sighs of time,
And try their rays to soar."

She had found them in a late number of a magazine, and thought them beautiful—so beautiful.

William noiselessly entered from the window, carefully drawing up an ancient rope ladder.

"Sh—'sh," whispered he. "The rope is too, too old for both of us. However, better to die as in the olden time than not attempt."

"The Duke Alfonso is agone. He is," added she, feeling deeply the unfortunate newness of the remark, "he is agone to the store."

"Well, then, bravo!" exclaimed William; "let's out by the window, and on my charger, borrowed for the time from your once noble lord, we will away—away! Lo, the champing steed neighs nigh the castle wall—what ho—away!"

Unable to resist this eloquent appeal, Clarissa stepped out lightly upon the ladder, and William proceeded to follow.

A thought struck him. "Why not," said he—why not depart by the back door—aye, even by the front?"

"Fye, fye!" cried Clarissa, "have the days of romance for ever ceased?"

William proceeded. The rope-ladder was old of the oldest and rotten of the rottenest.

Clarissa weighed 158 pounds.

William weighed 193 pounds.

Sum total, 331 pounds on the rope-ladder, which was only insured to carry seventy pounds.

Did, then, they likewise fall? Gentle reader, in consequence and too fond of prying into the future, wait.

CHAPTER V.

"My husband is altogether too fond of theory," said Mrs. Bates, as she leaned her cheek upon Alfonso Smythe's coat-lining.

"I see, I see," said he.

"He likes to predict milleniums, and happiness in the future."

"Yes, yes," said A. S.

"He browses around the country jails too much and talks to the criminals."

"Too true," said Alfonso, printing a purely platonic kiss upon her brow.

"He tells them they are victimized, and ought to be free, and that in the future, when Millenium comes, they will be."

"This is indeed horrible," sighed A. S., holding her calmly but firmly in his arms.

"You—you are a man of to-day, Alfonso."

"Yes. Give me no theories of past or future. Let me but earn a handsome pittance of a few million, and I am content."

"But my husband is a statesman, and says it won't be long in the future—"

"Till whichest?"

"Till the legislature passes a law turning all the criminals loose, and giving each a chromo and a gold watch and chain."

"Pray God this may never really happen," devoutly uttered Alfonso.

While this innocent pair are thus sweetly communing, who should suddenly burst in upon them—and thus make the disintegrated parts of the story more united—but Heinrich.

"Ho, ho!" said he, as he grasped a pistol in his left hand, and a hand-grenade in his right, "into what a *contretemps* I have fallen;" and accidentally dropping the hand-grenade, he watched the various pieces of clothing, Mrs. Bates's furniture and Alfonso disappear through the roof.

CHAPTER VI.

"So Heinrich didn't hurt himself, after all, while extricating of himself from the prison?" the author heard a sweet child say to its fond mother.

"No; apparently not," observed the mother.

"How about William and Clarissa?" interrogated the child once more.

"SEE NEXT NUMBER OF 'PUCK'!" yelled the mother, fiendishly.

CHAPTER VII.

William leaned gracefully out of the window of a boarding-house in Chatham street.

Chatham street is not the street in which to lean out of a boarding-house window, if even gracefully, and retain that whilom something which society calls high tone.

Nevertheless, William, who was once a hired man, and fond of the antique, although it was said he put most of it in, still leaned out of the window.

A newsboy gazed quietly up into his face, while he whispered with the shriek of four steam-whistles, "Dally Newis, wan cent!"

William, somewhat stunned, purchased the paper with the remark, "Things is high in New York now, 'twas not so in ye olden time," at which he winked slyly.

Casually glancing his eye down the column he turned suddenly pale. He likewise gave a loud snort of satisfaction. "D apostrophe N me!" he observed, near forgetting his early Sunday-school training; "but who'd think it."

"Think which, oh William?" aptly interrogated a tall lean female of the nether side of fifty springs.

"Why, mother, my old master's blowed up."

"Then you're the only hare apparent, William," and she fell a-sobbing on his neck.

"You air right, mother; and to think—"

"Think what, my darlin' child?"
 "Why that I should a-happend to fall top
 side up when that darnation rope-ladder broke."
 "It was indeed purvidential, my son."
 They fell on each other's neck and wept.

CHAPTER VIII.

But where was Heinrich all this time? Aye,
 where was he?

Is the villain of this truly moral story to be
 forgotten and not killed or maimed, or left as
 he was, about entering a course of typhoid
 fever?

No; a thousand times No.

CHAPTER IX.

It is one of the saddest things—that of getting
 rid of the characters of a violently interesting
 tale.

However, eighty years have passed since the
 exciting events narrated in the preceding
 chapters.

It is, to a philosophical mind, somewhat
 doubtful whether William, the whilom hired
 man; Heinrich Hadze, the villain; the Mother
 of William; the Newsboy, or the palfrey which
 was to convey away, to parts unknown, the
 noble William and the fair Clarissa, are still
 alive. To destroy all doubt, we will add that
 Heinrich was already seventy, William going on
 fifty, the Mother of William fifty, and the
 Newsboy thirty, when the story opened. The
 casual reader may regret that William was so
 near his mother's age, but he should remember
 the lines of that famous poet, Caroline Harleth:

"Oh Nature, ye have some time, too,
 To linger in the gloomy trail
 And haunt the gloomy mystery
 Of the mortal vale.
 But if not—then—so, so,
 Yes—forevermore." . . .

[THE END.]

RAVING!



H, what delight is there left in the hurry,
 Scurry and flurry of turbulent time?
 Is not all living unvarying worry,
 Driving to madness, or "madd'ning to crime?"
 Every time?

Where is relief to be found in this turmoil?

Where is the light that shall never grow pale?
 Is it with kerosene, candle, or sperm-oil,
 Our souls are lit up in this dark gloomy, vale?
 — Like a whale!

No comfort in peace! For all peace is perfidious!
 Treason's the reason the season's a lie,
 False are all fair ones, and Beauty is hideous;
 Can solace, sweet solace, be sought in a sigh?
 — In my eye!

I've searched for the balm! Ha! ha! ha! I have found it;
 Banished be, vanished be, blue devils' care,
 Restriction affliction has finally grounded,
 Oh sweet is the sound of a sanative swear!
 And I'm there!

Forever and ever I'll endeavor to never
 Let badness make sadness sit dark on my life.
 I'll up and I'll storm in the accents that sever
 All quiet from riot and settles all strife,
 Bet your life.

There's balm in an oath, I am loth to confess it,
 But when upon pleasures hard measures oft jam,
 And bliss is amiss!—what words can express it—
 The ready relief of one dear little damn!
 Diminutive damn!

SYDNEY ROSENFELD.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. XXIX.

THEATRICAL MAT-
 TERS.



Va-as, no fellow
 in a pwoper set of
 aw fellows in Gweat
 Bwitamin ever wor-
 wies himself about
 the dwama. Fel-
 lawss such as Newwy
 —an Irwish Vis-
 count, yer know—
 like this sort of
 thing, and Wales has always had wather a
 pwedilection for actwesses. Not verwy wespect-
 able for a Pwince. A fellow he-ah is obliged
 to wecognize theatwicals—for you wead so
 much about them in the papers, and everwy
 fellow talks about these arwancements. Actor
 fellows, yer know, are just tolerwatéd at home.
 Jack says that they are wogues and vagabonds
 in law. But this seems wather stwong language,
 for I think I'd just as soon carwy on a conver-
 sation with an actor fellow as I would with a
 gwoom, or stable-boy, or bwoker.

There is a gweat differwence in Amerwica in
 this wespect—some actor fellows went theatres
 and pwofess to belong to the Amerwican awis-
 tocwacy, and often look decent when they're
 dwessed. Twadesmen, lawyers and others who
 are not actors, talk to these fellows and have
 them at their houses, and sometimes their
 daughters marwy the sons of these stwolling
 players. Severwal youngsters I meet sometimes
 I find have actors for fathers—I thought there
 was something curwious about their style.
 The Amerwican women—I mean the wiche
 and well-dwessed young unmarwied fwivolous
 cweatures—often positively wave about an actor
 fellow if he's good-looking, without wegard to
 his family. They wite him aw notes, and wush
 to see him act, and aw buy his portwait, and
 lurk arwound in the neighbourhoo where he
 wesides. Devilish bad taste, I think, and Jack
 says it only shows what a want of bweeding
 there is amongst these wepublcan people, and
 what a number of centurwies it will take before
 they'll know how to behave themselves and
 become twue ladies and gentlemen, and pwoper
 form.

Another curwious pwactice among the often
 tolerwably wefined Amerwican girls is, that a
 large pwoportion want to become actwesses and
 go about the countwy—the pwovinces, yer know
 —just like the stwolling companies at fairs in
 England. They worwy the managers terwibly.
 How verwy horwible, even in Amerwica, for a
 pwetty fairly bwed young cweature to be em-
 bwaced by some wanting dwunken actor fellow,
 who's perwhaps been a pot boy or a b-b-b-bus-
 cad, for Jack Carnegie says all this sort of
 young women will insist upon playing Juliet or
 Womeo, or Meg Merwilies, or Cleopatwa, or
 some such fellow.

Jack and I have been asked to join the hunt
 near he-ah. I believe they've got half-a-dozen
 hounds and a fox. At any wate, I aw shall see
 what they twy to do in this countwy, for I
 wather like to wide after the puppy dogs.

THE papers continue to chronicle every move-
 ment of the Howland-Belmont happy pair, who
 are now at the Brevoort. The reports published
 in the *Herald* and *World* being incomplete, we
 append a list of some other presents that were
 omitted:

Miss Jones—A new broomstick, richly varnished.
 Miss Smith—A box of parlor-matches.
 Miss Robinson—A new wooden toothpick.
 Mr. Noakes—A blacking-brush.
 Mr. Thompson—A saucepan-lid.
 Mr. and Mrs. Brown—A cake of Rabbitt's Best.
 Mr. and Mrs. Smythe Tompkins—A button-hook of finest
 cast-iron.

The estimated value of the above is \$00.27.

WHAT GOETH ON AT PRESENT.

IN these days the young man, who weareth
 a cut-away coat, eateth the deceptive grape;
 and the wind of the autumn bloweth upon
 him, and he catcheth a cold in his unprotected
 intestines; yea, and the wind bloweth over him
 and he is gone, and the place thereof knoweth
 him no more.

Also in these days is the man of politics
 wroth and vexed in spirit. For he saith to
 himself: "My people will come together from
 the four corners of the land, and they will
 meet, and they will hold a convention, and lo!
 they shall make fools of themselves; surely,
 they shall become as wild-asses. And their
 enemies shall lift up their voices against them,
 and shall mock them, and shall cry 'ah ha!'"

And now cometh unto the newspaper editor
 the poet who is young and who likewise is
 promising. And he hath a roll of manuscript
 in his hand. And he saith: "This is a poem
 on November." And when the young poet
 sitteth in the street, over against the newspaper
 office, he sayeth to them who come unto him:
 "Lo, there be men in this land who are low
 and base of spirit; and me they understand
 not. For now is fulfilled what was spoken by
 the prophet Thingumajig: "The poet and him
 that maketh verses shall be cast out by a devil."

Furthermore, now return to the city the
 youth and the maiden who were together in
 the summer. Out into the country did they
 go when the air was hot, and the land was like
 to an oven. And in the fields have they made
 love, and in the light of the moon have they
 canoodled, and also have they yum-yummed.
 And now they meet upon the public street,
 and they pass each other by with scorn. And
 the maiden saith to the other maidens: "Know-
 est thou the youth with the freckled nose?"
 And the young man sayeth to his friend:
 "Where is it that I have seen those feet? for
 lo! they are familiar to mine eye."

At this season also doth the small boy go out
 into the woods, and he whangeth the chestnut-
 tree with a long pole; but he getteth no chest-
 nuts for his travail. For his brother hath been
 there privily in the night-time.

Now whizzeth the airy spit-ball past the head
 of the school-master; it hitteth the blackboard,
 and the noise thereof is heard throughout the
 school. And the master calleth up the wrong
 boy and larrupeth him. And he that is lar-
 rupeth holdeth his peace, for he knoweth that
 if he telleth the festive tale, his companions
 will lay hold upon him; yea, and they will re-
 monstrate with him upon the error of his ways.

About this time openeth the wily milliner.
 And she hath the stylish bonnet. Selah! And
 the wife of the poor man goeth to see the
 bonnet. And her husband thereafter giveth
 her five-and-twenty pieces of gold, and maketh
 various remarks therewith.

In these days, also, a devil stalketh through
 the land, and lays it desolate. For he promul-
 gateth a ghastly joke, and he saith: "The back
 bone of summer is broken!" And before long
 will the people arise in their wrath, and the
 backbone of that man shall be made like unto
 the backbone of summer.

And at this time shall the young man lie on
 his bed at night and a new ulster shall appear
 to him in a vision, and he shall stretch out his
 hand unto it, and it shall not be there. But
 the old one remaineth with him and abideth
 with him for ever. Selah!

"COULD n' help thish time—hic! Could
 n' hel'—Crotonsh Resh'voir mosh' dry mus'
 —econ'mizh wa'er—hic! water! Duty 'f
 cit'zen!"

PUCK'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

CHAPTER X.

HOW JOHN BULL WOULD SEARCH JONATHAN.—

HOW JONATHAN TOLD HIM TO "COME ON."—

SCALING OF NIAGARA FALLS.—MIGHT MAKES
RIGHT TAKE A TEMPORARY BACK SEAT.—

JOHN BULL TRIES TO BULL ERIE, AND PERRY
WON'T BEAR IT.

John Bull still looked daggers at young Jonathan, and persisted in searching him, whenever he met him floating about, to find if he'd got any little Jack Bull Tars concealed about his person.

Jonathan chafed under this treatment, especially when the British ship Leopard made a target of a Yankee Doodle craft called the Chesapeake, because she wouldn't hand over four of her crew. The punster of the period remarked that it was an exceedingly cruel proceeding. The *Herald* did not have a picture of the target.

Trade was in a pretty bad way in those days, and the merchant and ship-owner did growl and shut down on chewing tobacco and Santa Cruz sours 'considerable'; England wouldn't allow anybody to trade with France and her allies, and Bony wouldn't allow any trade with England and her colonies—a sort of mutual cussedness.

Congress got its monkey up and said "We're darned if we'll let any of our ships go anywhere," which rather made matters worse. Brandy rose to \$25.00 a pony, claret a \$100.00 a punch, lager \$15.00 a schooner, and everything else in proportion. To keep people from howling at these prices, Congress at last had to go back on its resolution.

Jefferson now thought it about time to retire from the stage. He was offered a third four-years engagement, but declined with thanks.

John Bull was now becoming John Bully. He couldn't look across the Atlantic at those blasted cheeky American Colonies without feeling more riled than ever. 'Arf-and-'arf would no longer appease him.

In vain did he thrash his wife and lead her out with a halter of inch and a half rope for sale in Smithfield Cattle Market, London.

So he went about doing all kinds of disagreeable things. He fired into this American ship, boarded that one, grunted at the other, and forcibly carried away to England several prime specimens of free and independent Yankees, beheaded them on Tower Hill, and stuck their skulls on Temple Bar—that is to say, he would have beheaded them if he dared.

So Madison said, in 1812, "We'll settle this thing by trying another war."

Michigander Hull commenced the fun by walking into Canada.

The Britisher Brock said it was a nice game, but two could play at it.

Brock showed considerable knowledge of the amusement by getting hold of Detroit and the whole of Michigan Territory.

This achievement made John Bully on pretty good terms with himself, and he put his finger to his nose and grinned at Madison:

"Ah, my fine fellow, you ain't drawn hall my teeth yet!"

It was this sarcastic remark that made the Americans commence the study of dentistry—and they have excelled in it ever since. But some British teeth were drawn before Jonathan had got through.



JONATHAN'S DENTAL OPERATIONS ON JOHN BULL.

(From a Shin Flaster of the Period.)

Niagara Falls, especially Lewiston, were favorite camping grounds for both armies.

Niagara always had a good supply of water, and shower baths could be enjoyed *ad libitum* without reference to the condition of the Croton reservoir.

Our boys took up a strong position in a strategical point of view in the Horse Shoe Fall at its middle edge, their object being to be swept down on to the Britishers who were trying to swim up it, and make it both hot and cold for them. The idea didn't work so well as was expected, for it is melancholy to admit that the Britishers said that they killed, wounded and took all our fellows prisoners, and on this occasion, like Mark Twain, they could but didn't tell a lie.

General Brock, however, was sent to the happy hunting grounds in this fight, and afterwards the frigate Constitution was too much for proud Albion's bumboat the Guerrière; these were crumbs of comfort, but the American Eagle felt bad at its reverses, and did not spread its wings in as a lively a manner as was its wont.

The cause of failure was now discovered. Sufficient attention had not been given to the study of war maps.

All the generals immediately procured files of the *Herald*, and vigorously consulted its remarkable achievements in this line.



AMERICAN GENERALS STUDYING WAR MAPS.
(From a Painting by Michael Angelo.)

Everything would be lovely now; but the loveliness didn't burst forth at once enough to take one's breath away.

For General Winchester, of the Army of the West, came in contact, at Frenchtown, with the Britisher, Proctor, and a great many of Winchester's men came in contact with the dust and didn't get up again, while the rest came to the conclusion that enough was a great deal better than a feast at that time, and let up on fighting because the British had taken charge of them without demanding any extravagant figure for board.

Commodore Perry soon after knocked spots out of Commodore Barclay on Lake Erie. The Britishers tried to retrieve themselves by getting the Erie railroad in their hands; but Jim

Fisk and Jay Gould were too much for them. Consequently, Erie and its low figure on Wall Street will always remain as a glorious monument of the American victory over the English and their breeches-pockets.

Perry wrote to Harrison, "We've met the enemy, and they are ours." This was premature, for they were a long way off being "ours" yet.

[To be continued.]

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

PUCK OFFICE, Tuesday.

The stock market is active and strong, and large parcels have changed hands. Clairmont Savings Bank shares are very much in demand. They opened yesterday at \$000, but advanced to \$000.001 when it was noised abroad that a pint of peanuts was added to the assets of the bank; they fell off a little later in the day, as the peanuts, it appears, were unroasted, and closed at opening figures.

Third Avenue Savings Bank stock also attracted a great deal of attention. A prominent paper firm bought large quantities of it. Messrs. O. I. C-man & Co. are freely mentioned as being the house in question. Insurance shares have likewise been largely dealt in. The demand is attributed to the approach of winter, when the scrip will be required for kindling purposes.

The future is promising, and lively times for all stock of this description may be looked for. Several prominent banking concerns and insurance institutions have entered into competition to see which can make the most artistic "bust" and "let in" the most people. These signs of prosperity are very gratifying after the business depression for the last four years, and must bring hope and encouragement to all the despondent.

The Exchange has elected the following officers for the ensuing year.

President: WILLIAM C. GILMAN.

Vice President: SHERMAN BROADWELL.

Treasurer: WILLIAM M. TWEED.

SECRETARY: SECOR ROBESON.

Answers for the Anxious.

DOMI.—No.

PETER G.—Mail it.

HASELTINE.—Did you not see her?

ESSIE.—Come before our presence with a proper termination, and we'll see about it.

CURTIS VEDDER.—"Those Auburn Locks" we respectfully decline. The title might awaken painful reminiscences in the breasts of some of our readers.

REEVES.—The Chinese have a beautiful idea that all things consumed by flame pass directly to heaven. Probably one of the minor angels is now reveling in that poem of yours.

T. JACKSON.—Your poetry will not do. What you want to try is the poetry of motion. You want to see how far you can get before inexorable Justice arises and remarks that vengeance is her'n.

EDWARD E. FOX, PITTSBURGH.—When next your muse gives birth to a tender little fancy like that, take the infant quietly away, strangle it, and lay it to rest in some quiet place, where no one will ever disturb its slumbers.

CHARLTON.—We judge from the symptoms that this is your first paragraphic attack. With heroic treatment you may recover, and, in time, become an ornament to the society in which you move. But no half-way measures, Charlton.

PENDENT.—Dear boy, there is in your composition a lack of dropability, if we may so call it; an inability to tumble, which mars an otherwise fine nature. Just constitute yourself a committee of one, with full power to investigate yourself.

AN IDYLL OF ANCIENT GREECE.



This is Plato, son of Ariston,
He hadn't a middle name.
Among the ancient Greeks he'd insist on
Putting love to shame.
"Some day," he preached, "the rough and
rude 'll
Learn what love is called:
Learn to love and not to canoodle,
Thus they will not get bald."



One fine eve he went out to wander—
His pupils on his tracks—
On philosophic themes to ponder,
And scientific facts;
Aristotimus, Daniel, Deronda,
And Hermesianax.



Sudden, in dress of the Gallic directorate,
Rose from the bush a maid.
Plato turned pale as the turkey that Hector ate,
Started back dismayed;
Swallowed the quid that he couldn't expectorate,
Then remarked: "Who's afraid?"



Ere long Plato, son of Ariston,
Got all his fine work in,
And that classical maid was kissed on
Mouth, and cheeks, and chin,
His pupils hissed and hooted, and hissed on,
Saying: "This is a skin."

That his disciples thought him demented
History doesn't prove,
But to believe no more they consented,
That the Foe of Love
Spent his evenings as represented
In the cut above."



OUR WASHING-DAY.

IT was but an experiment. Adelina's fine feelings had been wounded by the appalling sums total of the weekly washing-bills. Dozen on dozen of fine linen, and as for small things—O Puck, blessed art thou among men that society permits you to—but that's neither here nor there—let me return to my domestic afflictions. So Adelina argued that it would cost only a trifle for soap and firing in addition to the fee to secure the services of a "colored lady" to do the laundry in our own house. It was an awful event. Adelina was nervous with momentous preparations, and when everything seemed ready she harassed herself with the idea that we should never wake early enough to receive our sable auxiliary. To meet this difficulty we purchased a patent automatic alarm, with a spring that sent the thing whirring like a watchman's rattle gone mad. Divers pins and wheels controlled its interior organization, but the wife of my bosom vowed that she understood it all, and we took our prize home. Still she was not happy. She knew we should never be prepared for the ad-

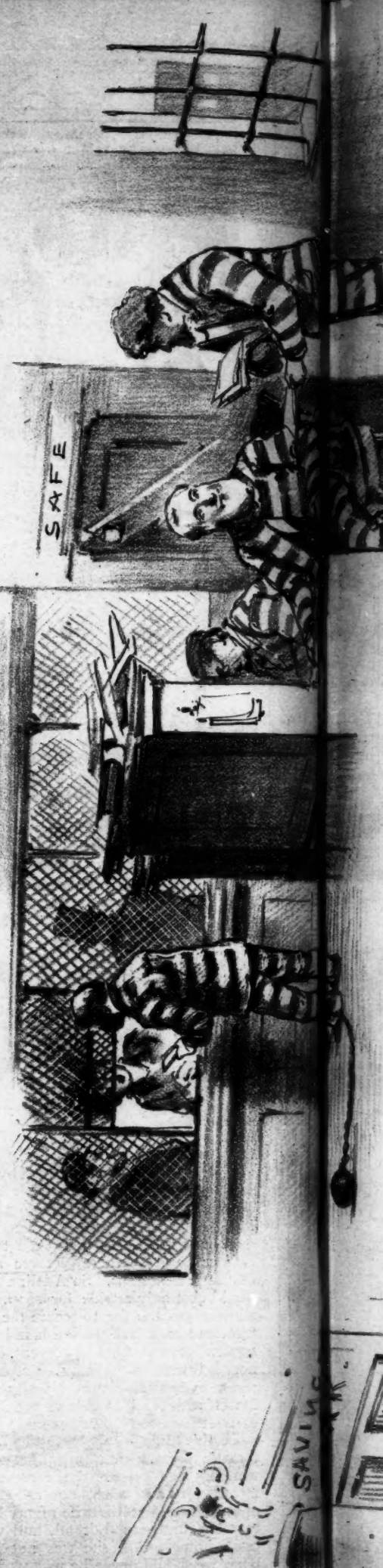
vent of the Æthiopian matron on that blessed Monday morning. All church-time on Sunday she thought of her heavy responsibilities. When I sought her sympathetic eye, after a burst of eloquence from Mr. Talmage that fell upon one like rills of cold water down one's spine, she softly whispered: "I think, after all, we had better rely on the patrolman, dear." We had no sooner reached home, after evening service, than she ordered us all to bed, where I lay tossing about for an hour or two, unable to sleep. Tick, tick, tick, went the infernal machine, with a brazen loudness that defied slumber. Adelina permitted me to carry it into the passage. At last I dropped off into a doze. Suddenly a nudge on the side and a hurried "Adolphus!" "What is it?" "Morning!" she said; "We must get up. That woman will be here at five, and—" I am afraid I was profane. I hope not. Either she or I must get up and ascertain the time. I got up. The infernal machine pointed to twelve o'clock. Adelina would not put faith in it—it must be wrong—where was my watch?"

But both the hands of the watch pointed to the same figure—it was twelve o'clock, there

was no disputing the testimony. Once more in a doze. This time there is a figure in white creeping over me. It is Adelina. She takes the watch up and looks anxiously at it. It is twenty minutes to two. She got into bed as quietly as she could, and out of pure pity—for my darling does not like to be found out in a piece of folly, be it ever so small, and is apt to be impatient on such occasions—I pretended to be asleep. The third time it came in earnest, *W-h-i-r-r-r-r-r!* I can never describe it. "Ma!" "Pa!" screamed the children from the back bedroom; "Fire! Murder! Thieves!" yelled the maid-of-all-work from the attic. *W-h-i-r-r-r-r-r!* went the infernal machine. I sprang into the passage, rolled the alarm up in a blanket, stamped on it, sat on it, until it had ended its diabolical rattle. At last it stopped. The maid and children were in time pacified, but bed was out of the question. We all got up and made ourselves dyspeptic on warm coffee.

At half-past eight the colored lady arrived.

Ah Sin does not charge quiet so much as the regular laundries, and if it were not for the deliterious gums he puts in my wristbands and collars, we might be happy yet.



THEFT AND "FINANCIERING."

THE DIFFERENCE IS THAT IN ONE CASE IT IS FOR BREAD, IN THE OTHER FOR MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

5X4E

SAVING

SAVING

WHERE WE SHALL HAVE TO LOCATE OUR BANKS TO MAKE THEM PERFECTLY SAFE.

THIS BANK
HAS
BURST.



PUCK (to Justice): "ARE THESE PEOPLE TO BE UNAVENGED?"

FASHIONABLE CRIME.

TO A DAMAGED CHARACTER.

BY THE (EX-) BOSS.

IT is not always sunshine
In this bright world of ours;
Sharp thorns and weeds grow thickest
Amid the fairest flowers;
In fruits, howe'er enticing,
Lurk worm-spots at the core;
For each one's bread and butter
There is a sanded floor.

In lustrous silk there's cotton,
In flowing tresses rats,
In ermines, soft and snowy,
The skins of Thomas cats;
In Hebe's form there's whalebone,
On Venus's lips carmine,
Old boots are thrown in sherry
To make Madeira wine.

The best of golden butter
Is oleomargarine;
The finest of old brandy
Is next door to benzine;
The fragrant leaf of Cuba
Is cousin to sauer-kraut;
Too often are the milkman's cans
Replenished at the spout.

If, then, your reputation
Proves quite unfit to air,
Pray, how then does it differ
From most things seeming fair?
And why heap maledictions
Because through me—no doubt—
You broke the 'leventh commandment:
"Thou shalt not be found out"?

P. B.



"MARRIAGE."

NEW YORK, Oct. 10th, '77.

Dear Puck:

On Monday of last week the critics of this art-loving metropolis—and they are a vast and intellectual throng—braced themselves up with more than ordinary vigor, and glowing with the earnest conviction that the eyes of the community beamed full upon them, went to Wallack's Theatre, and listened to Boucicault's new legitimate comedy, in five acts.

It was on that occasion that we felt to the fullest extent how important for the well-being of theatre-goers the critic is.

But for the analytical remarks that were published in the next morning's papers, what a benighted multitude might now be cherishing in their guileless hearts a warm appreciation for Dion Boucicault's latest production, which, thanks to the able reviews that have served to undeceive them, they now know to be unworthy of notice.

When I went to Wallack's Theatre with Araminta last week, I told her that we were going to see a great play.

When we read next morning's papers, Araminta looked at me with a reproachful glance, and said:

"And did you call that a great play?"

"I did not," I said, embarrassedly; "I said we were going to see a great play—before we

saw it. Boucicault said it was going to be a great play. I took his word for it."

And from that moment I abandoned my faith in Boucicault's judgment.

Why did he lure me with such promises to the theatre? Why did he fill my yearning soul with such hopes, to dash them so unmercifully?

It is not pleasant for a man of my years and baldheadedness to join the cohort of cavilers, when my heart is so full of generous impulses towards our modern Shakspeare, but I am forced to do it in retaliation for my disappointment.

It was a matter of small consequence to me what Boucicault said, in his interview with a reporter, about New York critics—before his play was produced. If he wishes to advertise himself by making personal enemies of critics who might otherwise feel disposed to be friendly, he has as much right to do it as Sothorn has to gain notoriety by parodying the Count Joannes. One may be a little riskier than the other, but neither mode is worthy of critical consideration. It doesn't make "Marriage" one bit the better or worse as a play, or "The Crushed Tragedian" one iota less enjoyable.

But Boucicault's direct and public invitation to witness a great play, a legitimate play, a would-be standard play, entitles every play-goer, critical or otherwise, to rebel at the deception.

Five acts of epigram do not make a play.

I don't state this as a critical discovery of my own. Anybody will admit that. Even Araminta nodded in approval at the suggestion.

Five acts of farcical incidents do not constitute a drama.

If they did, how rapidly we could enrich the repertoire of standard plays by patching together "Box and Cox," "Ici on parle Francais," "My Neighbor's Wife," and three other equally acceptable farces, and label them "legitimate comedy." The mere fact that these trifles were offsprings of other minds would not deter a standard author like Boucicault from putting his name to them in concatenated form.

But "Marriage" is original. No charge of plagiarism has come to light thus far in its career.

But if it were as good as it is new, we should have more reason to rejoice.

The great essential of English comedy is the marked and thorough delineation of character. Boucicault's "Marriage" is about as characterless a production as one could imagine.

Of the dozen or more persons that flit through the play, there is not one that hasn't been before us in dramas of all periods and countries.

It has no motive as a whole. When the curtain falls on the last act, we go home utterly unimpressed by any lesson that has been taught, any folly that has been unmasked, any moral influence that has been engendered.

We may have been amused in the course of the play; but it was only incidental and ephemeral amusement.

We certainly were not interested. For the main plot, although made partially confusing from an over-elaboration of detail, is transparent from the start, and the only part of the play which interests through its action is the first act.

But this reminds me of the sensational novels in our weekly papers, with thrilling and alluring initial chapters, "to be continued in our next." They create a desire for the "next" and the "next," until finally the reader is disgusted with his own disappointed curiosity.

We have a right to expect better things from Boucicault.

But even if we allow his five acts of bright dialogue to be a play, we should still have to demand something like probability in his story.

For a man of fifty-odd years like John Fer-simmons to be married to a girl who is—unknown to him—the mother of a son of twenty or more, and not to have divined this maternity, might do if we were all as simple-minded creatures as we should probably be if the Garden of Eden were a modern institution.

But platonic innocence is not a characteristic of the modern play-goer.

Boucicault is furthermore responsible for making several members of the company appear perfectly ridiculous.

The almost superhuman idiocy of Mr. Archibald Meek, who, keeping a friend's secret, harbors the latter's wife and infant in his bachelor apartments, and then permits his own young bride to become separated from him while he stands tamely by, in all this disgrace, without common sense enough to claim no relationship to this stray mother and child—is beyond commensuration.

We lose all respect for Archibald Meek after this. When a good-natured man soars to the realms of imbecility, his good nature dwindles into insignificance. The man who gives up a wife it has cost him so many months of devotion and persistence to obtain, in order to keep a secret there wasn't the slightest necessity of keeping, is beneath criticism.

Some of the petty devices employed by the Master Mind in this play of "Marriage" are unworthy of the ingenuity of a fourth-rate fiction writer.

Leaving aside the indelicacy of placing the lawful wife of Meek's young friend, Walter Auldjo, in such an unenviable position in the eyes of all the other characters of the play—there is a stupidity about the proceeding which is totally unworthy of the Master Mind.

The serious portions of the play are altogether the worst.

The discovery by Walter Auldjo, that Silas Auldjo, the old lawyer, is not his father, and the subsequent emotional scene (wherein Walter generously forgives the old man for having reared him to a useful manhood from a helpless infancy, and treated him with all a parent's affection—actually forgives this terrible crime) is as cheap a bit of sentiment as could be imagined. It is a scene that no good acting could redeem.

If the author had put in the young man's mouth such words as these:

"Old man, you've taken care of me twenty years; the mere matter of board and lodging during that time is quite a considerable item—but with a papa's affection thrown in, now, wouldn't I be a blooming idiot to want a better father than you?"—if Mr. Boucicault had caused him to make some unaffected speech like that—we should have smiled contentedly, and at once concluded that that young man did the right thing, without making any fuss about it. But the waste of all the Boucicaultian emotion over it shows a misappreciation of human sentiment on the part of even our greatest of modern dramatists.

Nor did our great modern dramatist display his accredited judgment in casting the characters.

This is the *dramatis personæ*, as represented by the Wallack company:

Silas Auldjo, a family solicitor.....	Mr. John Gilbert
Mudgeon, his clerk.....	Mr. E. M. Holland
Walter Auldjo, his son and partner.....	Mr. Eben Plympton
M. Constant Tiffe.....	Mr. Edward Arnott
Mrs. Constant Tiffe, his young wife.....	Miss Rose Coghlan
Mrs. Tarbox, a fashionable mother.....	Madame Ponisi
Fannie, her daughter, a bride.....	Miss Stella Boniface
Archibald Meek.....	Mr. H. J. Montague
John Persimmons.....	Mr. Harry Beckett
Virginia.....	Miss Effie Germon
Rosalie.....	Miss Pearl Eytinge
Miss Sniffle, an old maid.....	Mrs. Sefton
Josephine, Fannie's lady's-maid.....	Miss Meta Bartlett
Celia, a servant.....	Miss Thornton

Three of these parts are unmistakably misplaced.

Mr. Montague is too graceful an actor in his peculiar line to be hampered by an eccentric comedy part for which he is totally unsuited. Of course Mr. Montague's want of versatility might be justly dwelt upon here; but no one knows his shortcomings better than Mr. Boucicault. As Mr. Montague plays the part, *Archibald Meek* is a walking gentleman, a little more crushed than the average walking gentleman, and a great deal more idiotic. It lacks characterization, and his monotonously imperturbable manner might arise equally as well from diffidence as meekness.

The part of *Virginia*, the mother of *Walter Auldjo*, is assigned to Miss Effie Germon. There is no excuse for this offense. It is an insult to the youth, beauty, and sterling ability of the actress. Miss Germon is, perhaps, the cleverest of the lady members of the Wallack company. To ignore her talents and her popularity, and to cast her in the worst rôle of the play, with scarcely a redeeming line in all the text, is to abuse the confidence of the public who come to Wallack's Theatre to see their favorite artists in becoming parts. It was an almost impossible task to avoid burlesquing the scenes between mother and son, and to Miss Germon's keen artistic sense it is due that these scenes were not made ridiculous. Miss Germon is too valuable an actress, in any company, to allow her talents to be thus obscured—even by the Master Mind of the Drama.

The third evidence of Mr. Boucicault's lack of managerial discretion is evidenced by the assignment of the rôle of *Rosalie* to Miss Pearl Eytinge. *Rosalie*, the young wife of *Walter Auldjo*, cannot speak a word of English, and to have her hurrying in at intervals, and speaking in very bad French, is several degrees removed from the artistic.

The other characters, so far as their nature is concerned, are properly cast; though, as far as individual merit goes, the performers can not all claim equal consideration.

Mr. Arnott's physical contortions and vocal calisthenics, as *Mr. Constant Tiffe*, should be mildly suppressed.

Mr. Gilbert is as good as he always is; but there is such a thing as monotony of excellence, when that excellence is purely of method, and not of individualization.

Miss Rose Coghlan is an acquisition to the company, and gave a very animated impersonation of *Mrs. Constant Tiffe*.

Miss Stella Boniface was sweet and natural as the young bride.

Madame Ponisi was at home as *Mrs. Tarbox*, the fashionable mother.

The most effective and effectively rendered parts in the piece are the *Miss Sniffe* of Mrs. Sefton, the *John Persimmons* of Mr. Beckett, the *Mudgeon* of Mr. Holland, and the *Walter* of Mr. Plympton.

So much for the cast; now to revert to the play and its reception.

While I am as much disappointed as any in this latest specimen of Boucicaultian handiwork, I am not prepared to embrace without reservation the sentiments that have been expressed by the learned annihilators on the press.

We must make a distinction between "Marriage" offered to us by Mr. Dion Boucicault and "Marriage" presented by Mr. Wallack.

As a means of personal glorification, the Master Mind has struck upon the wrong thing, but to call the play, as constituting the programme of Wallack's Theatre, a failure, would be an injustice to the manager.

For there were those among the audience who seemed to enjoy themselves mildly.

And, while "Struck Oil" lives to torture all lovers of the art of playwriting, we should

certainly not call "Marriage" altogether a failure.

Mercifully yours,

SILAS DRIFT.

P. S.—Boucicault hasn't abused me personally, consequently I bear him no malice. But oh, if he only had!

S. D.

DRAMATIC NOTES.



FANNY DAVENPORT was the success of the week in Philadelphia.

THE FLORENCES are to throw up their engagement at the Eagle.

THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE HELLER returns to New York in December.

RIGNOLD is in Baltimore, and the misguided populace are permitting him to play "Henry V."

MR. BRONSON HOWARD is in New York, with a couple of plays. His object is to have them produced.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," a new and original American drama, will be played at the Grand Opera House on the 15th.

PHILADELPHIA likes "Marriage." This might have been expected. But why did Philadelphia give itself away by confessing it?

MR. BARTLEY CAMPBELL has written a play called "My Foolish Wife." Mr. Campbell is very bald, now, for so young a man.

RAYMOND gave "Sevenoaks" one last chance in Cincinnati during last week. This week he produces Lancaster and Magnus's "Golden Calf."

"LA MARJOLAINE" is still making friends at the Broadway, and the latest fancies of Lecocq are beginning to echo on the streets and in the clubs.

JUDGING from recent developments, it looks as if it were rather a bad thing for a manuscript drama, or a small girl, to get into the hands of the Harriott family.

EDWIN ADAMS'S benefit next Friday night, will, no doubt, receive all the generous patronage for which our American citizens are distinguished in time of need.

MISS DARGON is soon to play *Lucrezia Borgia* in Brooklyn. If Miss Dargon likes this style of play, why can't a female edition of "the Jibbenainosay" be got up for her?

MR. STANLEY MCKENNA's new and original play "Our Oddities," recently produced in Albany, is said to be so great a success that it has been played for many years on the German stage. The Germans call it "Doctor Wespe."

MISS MARY ANDERSON, the phenomenal, goes to Philadelphia on Monday next; but there is nothing said of her coming to New York. We

have four or five first-class theatres vacant, some of them in quiet and retired locations, and we like to see phenomena.

THE FIFTH AVENUE reopens on the 15th, under the management of Mr. Stephen Fiske, who will introduce the Hess English Opera Co. for an engagement of two weeks. Mr. Fiske is young, and somewhat inexperienced, but he deserves encouragement.

Later in their season at the Broadway the Aimée Company will begin a series of revivals, including "Petit Faust," "Cent Vierges," "Barbe Bleue" and "Orphée aux Enfers." The venerable and bald-headed exile from Paris hears this announcement with a certain degree of satisfaction.

TO-MORROW the new Théâtre Français gives "le Feu au Couvent" and "Poudre aux Yeux"—both charming little pieces, and on Saturday "Héloïse Paranquet." But New York still waits unsatisfied for "le Demi-Monde" and "les Lionnes Pauvres."

THE UNION SQUARE COMPANY are rehearsing "Seraphine" in Philadelphia. The scenery is in active preparation. It is proposed to construct the boudoir scene (Act III.) entirely of lace and real glass. This plan may be somewhat modified, however, in view of the fact that the probable result will be a distinct reflection of the gay and festive gallery-boy in *Seraphine's* private mirror.

LAWRENCE BARRETT, the alleged tragedian, produced Mr. W. H. Howells's drama "A Counterfeit Presentment" in Cincinnati last week. Mr. Howells is a nice young man, for a Bostonian, and he appears to advantage in the pages of the *Atlantic*; but we may pause here and record our conviction that the coming American dramatist is not fed on beans.

THE mysterious production placarded about the streets as "Leiss' [sic] Comedy-Drama, 'Married or Not Married,'" is announced to be brought out at the Academy of Music next Saturday. We can say nothing about the merit of the work, but we scarcely believe that a man who doesn't know how to spell the possessive of his own name is able to write a play.

THE centre of civilization—Cologne.—*N. Y. Republic*.

THE prohibitionists have taken Massachusetts' favorite Rising Sun for their candidate for Lieutenant-Governor.—*Worcester Press*.

A RACE of calves for their supper, was one of the attractions at a Kentucky country fair. A brindle calf won the first teat.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

PROF. HALL began life as a carpenter, married a school-teacher, saved up his money, and now has two whole moons.—*Danbury News*.

LAWRENCE BARRETT, in his sketch of Edwin Forrest, printed in the *Galaxy* for October, mentions that the great tragedian once returned to him his (Barrett's) umbrella. We always thought Forrest was a little "off" in his latter days.—*Cincinnati Sat. Night*.

A DANBURY base-ball enthusiast is getting up a ball of iron filled with nitro-glycerine, which will explode on being caught and tear the catcher asunder. This will be more wearing on a club than the ball in present use, but it is more humane.—*Danbury News*.

A South Carolina man swallowed some shingle-nails to test his powers of digestion. Not having a stomach like an ostrich, he was immediately seized with a shingler's tack, and his coffin nails were soon afterwards brought into requisition.—*Norristown Herald*.

Two Knaves and a Queen.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

By FRANK BARRETT.

(This Story was begun in No. 4. Back Numbers can be obtained at the office of PUCK, 13 North William st.

CHAPTER XXVII.

POOR Mattie, disclosed, sat with clasped hands and down-bent head, listening in awe as René, inspired by passion, shaped into eloquent words and fluent passages those feelings of anger, reproach, contempt, detestation, which had been seething within her until now in a fragmentary, incoherent form.

René ceased to speak, as if there were no more to be said, rather than because her ability to say more failed. She was silent at the moment when another word might have lessened the effect she had made; and she swept at once from the room with an imperial dignity that denied the right of the accused to vindicate himself.

Hugh was paralyzed, and only rose from his knees to stand looking vaguely at the door through which René had passed, with no abatement of the astonishment created in him. He was perfectly unconscious of Mattie's presence—she passed before his eyes without his notice—and was surprised, when his self-possession returned, to find her gone.

She too was shaken; but her heart lightened as she neared her home. She said to her husband:

"I will tell you where I have been when the evening comes and we are alone. I have much that I wish to tell you, Tom dear."

And now the evening was come, the little shop was closed, and Mattie sat by her husband, holding his hand in hers.

"I want you to believe me, dear," said she; "I want you to have greater faith in my true love for you than you have yet had."

"I love you, dear wife!"

"Yes; but I would have you think that I am worthy to be loved, and that can only be by your believing all that I have to tell you."

"I will believe you if you tell me nothing."

"But I must tell you, Tom. I have had but one secret from you, and that has harassed me all day, and troubled me even in my dreams at night. Sometimes I tried to keep awake, lest I might say in my dreams what I dared not tell you. It was wrong to harbor one little thought, keeping it secret from you; but I did it for the best, foolishly, and like a naughty child, yet rather fearing to hurt you than that you would punish me. Now the whole thing is ended—oh, thank God!—and never, never more may I do or think that which I would not have you know. When we were very poor, dear,—before you could make the baskets well, and the buyers used to grumble and pay less than they promised for your work,—I could see how anxious you were, troubling yourself lest there might not be food for me, and I puzzled my stupid head to think how I might help to bring in money, instead of draining our little fund; and something besides your anxiety made me eager to earn money whilst I could. I saw that Kate Eason earned a great deal of money by sitting to artists—enough to pay me for minding her shop five times over; and I thought I might sit to artists also, and so bring more money. When I spoke to Kate about it she was jealous, thinking that I meant to engage myself to the artists she knew, and she told me I need mind her shop no more, but begin my new profession at once. I left her very dispirited, for I knew no artists, and had lost my only means of helping you. Well, as I was walking along, thinking how foolish I had been to lose my occupation, I suddenly met Mr. Hugh Bi-

ron, and having no thought but of my present trouble, it struck me that he might know of an artist who required a model, and so I made bold to stop and tell him of my trouble. He would have given me money, but I told him I did not want charity but employment. He said he himself wanted a model to sit for a country girl, and that I should just do if I would accept the usual terms. It was not until he asked where I lived and proposed to come and see you, that I thought you might misunderstand my motives, and fear there might be something more than my wish to get money and be useful in my sitting to Mr. Biron, especially as I had told you nothing of my idea. It was so impossible for me to feel for any one the love I bore my dear husband, that its possibility never occurred to me. Then, knowing how pure my heart was, and how free from any wrong thought, I saw no harm in accepting this engagement and keeping it secret from you. It seemed to me, then, that so long as my thought and act were good, it was harmless to keep them secret. Truly, I believed it wise to do good and spare you pain at the same time; else I would have been glad to tell you of my new occupation and Mr. Hugh's great kindness. And this is what I would have you believe, now that I have parted from Mr. Biron and shall go there no more; and when I see how unwise, perhaps unkind and wrong, I have been, I would have you believe that never in one single instant has my thought been untrue to you. If ever I thought of the past, it was to think how happily I had escaped making a match with him who could have no feeling for the simple things and habits and ways which you and I together love, dear Tom."

"You thought all this, Mattie, and him so handsome and fine and generous."

"Handsome! Why, you are ten times handsomer than him! 'Tis but his kindness for which I admire him; and what are guineas to him? No more than the pennies we give from our slender means. Handsome! Ah, he may be to those who haven't seen the like of you! I would like to know where he would be standing beside you! You are twice as fine as he. He has no curls like these!" she ran her fingers through them admiringly. "They do share the love of your heart, these curls; they cling to my fingers as if they loved them! And then his face, oh, it is a baby's, a girl's—nothing, nothing like this dear one's!"

She pressed her soft cheek to his and kissed him fondly.

"And will you indeed believe all that I have said?"

"Ay, Mattie; it is the least I can do for cruelly misdoubting you. Surely it was against my conscience, against my will, I doubted you, and believed that lying varmint, Fox. I shall never forgive myself when I remember that my want of faith has led Miss Biron to think unjustly of you, my dear."

"'Tis not your fault—'tis Fox you must not forgive."

"Now I think of him, I know what Samson felt when he was bound and weak in the hands of his enemies, and praying for strength. I wish for sight but that I might punish him who has led me to wrong you."

"'Twill be punishment enough for him if he sees his plan fail, and finds that you love me for all his efforts. Fancy he is here and do kiss me."

"I want no such fancies to make me kiss you, dear."

"Tom, dear," said Mattie when she could speak.

"Yes, wife."

Mattie screwed her head into his neck, and, dropping her voice very low, said coily, "Did I not say that besides your anxiety there was another reason why I should earn money?"

"Now I think of it, you did; and I marvel what it might be."

"I suspected then, and I know now, that—that—" After a little hesitation she put her lips to his ear and whispered what even the eavesdropping historian—sharp of hearing as he is—could not catch.

Tom gave an exclamation of joyful surprise, and, drawing his wife still nearer to him, said:

"And to think I should think ill of you at such a time!"

"Say no more of that, dear. Let us talk of the time to come. You will hear the little voice, and feel the tiny soft fingers clutching yours, won't you?"

It was not long before René found that she had done wrong. She could be as unjust as the best of women in moments of excitement, but she was incapable of deliberate injustice. One visit to the Reynoldses after the scene in Hugh's studio convinced her of Mattie's innocence and her own folly. Mattie's whispered condition was a sufficient argument against the prejudice of any woman. René's pride was of a good kind, and she acknowledged her fault without hesitation. "I have made a fool of myself," she said as she went to her hotel; "and it is not the first time. I always am doing something silly to repent of. I would rather by half do something downright bad than have mischief come of my silly good intentions. I have wronged the girl, and for all I know my cousin as well. He may be just as innocent as she. If he treated me as a worthless woman, it was no better than I deserved. Why should he not believe the worst of me, and in my final position see only a creature jealous of the favors shown a rival? I ought to be ashamed of myself, and I am."

She recalled the occasions when Hugh had treated her with delicate consideration—at times when she lapsed from her assumed into her natural character; and of the reluctance with which he had yielded to her seductions. She blushed as she thought of the character she had sustained, and its significance to the mind of one who did not know that it was entirely an assumption. It exasperated her to think how she had succeeded. "I have been worse than a fool," she said; "I have debased myself. I am a fit one truly to provide for the welfare of others with my stupid schemes—I who cannot take care of myself! Oh, would that I had some great, kind, wise friend to guide me! If I am only left long enough to my own guidance I shall make a regular *fiasco*, that's clear."

Hitherto she had been angry with Mattie and her cousin; but her vexation was far greater now that she had herself alone to blame. Vexation was not the only feeling from which she suffered; there was something of sorrow in her heart, and she experienced again the sense of desolation that saddened her after the death of her grandfather. Whom now had she lost? She had separated herself from her cousin for ever; but was that to be regretted? She had despised him until she despised herself. Indeed, now she felt irritated in thinking of him as the cause of her present humiliation. No, she had no regard for him; certainly not the affection she had fancied at one time her kinsman would awaken within her. She did not wish to see him again; that was the event she most feared, dreading to step outside her hotel lest she might meet him in the street. No, no, it was not his loss that depressed her; it was but her own folly she repented. Perhaps it was this heavy London air that made her feel as though she would like to cry. Yet she was in no hurry to leave London, and thought with strong disinclination of a return to Italy and the life of gay variety. She asked herself what it was she wanted. A life of seclusion in a re-

ligious house? No. Fame and the applause of a multitude? No. What period of her existence had been so satisfactory that she could wish its continuance? She taxed her memory, but could recall no instance of unalloyed pleasure; and giving up the task, she fell a thinking of the sittings in Charroy Street—the moments when Hugh had been undisturbed by sensuous influence—as at that time when he walked beside her through the streets with the pots of spring flowers in his arms. Then the sense of desolation and wretchedness returned to her; and were those brief minutes beside her cousin the happiest of her life, that the thought of them, as of joy forever gone, oppressed her with melancholy? Such a conclusion she would not recognize.

"I must have a good gallop. I have stayed here two days for no earthly reason. No wonder I grow morbid and sick," she cried, starting to her feet. And she rang her bell and gave orders for instant departure, and sent a telegram to the housekeeper at Riverford to prepare rooms for her. When all was ready, René said to her maid:

"Take the two pots of flowers with you from my room."

"They are nearly done flowering, miss."

René took no notice of the demurrer, and the maid carried the pots, wondering what miss could want of such shabby blooms, when there were ten thousand better at the place to which they were being carried.

A possibility suggested itself to the mind of René which took off her attention from the book she was reading in the carriage, and made her quite anxious to reach Riverford. Perhaps Hugh would write.

Of course he had not known her address in London. Hope conflicted with hope. She would like to know that he thought the best and not the worst of her: yet she would not have him write to apologize, to ask forgiveness; that would be lowering his standard. But if she was indifferent whether her cousin loved her, or liked her no better than she liked him, why should she trouble herself as to his opinion of her? *Peste!* It was mere woman's curiosity, which she should be above entertaining. Nevertheless, and despite the interest of her book, she wondered again and again whether her cousin had written and what he could say.

When the train stopped at Riverford, a familiar voice asked René for the honor to be permitted to assist her to alight upon the platform; and there stood M. Antoine de Gaillefontaine.

(To be continued.)

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

(Boucicaulted from the New York Times.)

MR. WILLIAM WHARTON, of Missouri, has invented what he calls an "improved thief and robber trap," which will greatly interest that large and respectable class of our fellow-citizens, the improved thieves. Under that head are, of course, to be classed the savings bank, insurance, and railway presidents, who have of late improved so greatly upon the clumsy processes of ordinary thieves.

Mr. Wharton's trap, however, seems better adapted to those numerous and successful thieves who rob banks either by presenting forged checks or by snatching sums of money from unwary cashiers, or who rob merchants by concealing portable goods about their persons while making, or pretending to make, purchases. It consists of a trap-door placed in the floor in front of the counter or the cashier's desk, and so constructed as to be easily and suddenly opened by the cashier or a clerk, by simply touching a

spring. When the trap is opened, the thief who may be standing on it is precipitated into the cellar, where he can be subsequently visited and dealt with at leisure. Thieves of any age or either sex can be caught by Mr. Wharton's trap, and if the cellar in which they are deposited is made secure, no further attention need be paid them until after business hours. Were such a trap to be placed in one of our large dry-goods stores, the proprietor might easily catch from ten to two dozen thieves on any busy day. As most of those captured would be more or less disabled by the fall into the cellar, the proprietor could fearlessly descend among them with an axe after the close of the day, and after reducing them to quiet, could sort out the corpses, sending a few choice ones for sale to the medical schools, and placing the rest at the tender mercies of the ashman.

The universal adoption by all our business men of the improved thief-trap would soon greatly diminish the number of thieves. No man would venture to snatch a roll of bills from a bank cashier if he felt sure that his act would be instantly followed by his precipitation into the cellar, and no lady of kleptomaniac tendencies would dream of secreting a pair of gloves or earrings at the risk of being caught in the thief-trap. Of course, at first the public would be somewhat shocked at hearing the sudden rumble of the machinery of the trap and the despairing shriek of the vanishing victim, while ladies of delicate nerves might perhaps be disturbed by the groanings of a trapful of captured thieves. Still, in time the trap would become so familiar that its operation would scarcely excite notice, and ladies would care no more for the groans of the unfortunate thieves than they now do for the haggard faces of overworked shop-girls. Great good could be done were the police commissioners to adopt the thief-trap, and place a number of carefully-concealed traps in the sidewalks of our principal streets. A policeman in plain clothes and with a mind apparently absorbed in pea-nuts, could be placed to watch each one of these traps, with a view to springing it whenever a casual thief or other malefactor should step upon it. By this means a watchful policeman could make a fair bag of thieves every bright day until the secret of the location of the trap should become generally known and the game should grow shy. After which the trap could be moved to a new place, and the good work go on as prosperously as before.

Still, with all its merits, the thief-trap will unquestionably be liable to be abused in the hands of unprincipled, ignorant or over-zealous persons. The shop-girl, who, after being compelled to stand for six or eight hours, is attacked by a capitious lady customer who requires to be shown fifty different articles before she decides to purchase ten cents' worth of sewing-cotton, will be strongly tempted to spring the trap and dismiss the customer to the cellar. Although any intelligent jury would hold that the shop-girl was morally right in thus defending herself from excessive labor, and that the entrapped lady deserved her fate, nevertheless, no court would refuse to give the injured lady damages for false imprisonment, and to appraise her broken legs at such value as the testimony of experts might assign to them. Moreover, were the proprietor of the trap, in making his evening visit to the cellar with his axe, to fail to distinguish between the wrongfully-trapped lady and the genuine thieves, he would either be sent to the penitentiary for several weeks as a willful murderer, or he would be compelled to employ an experienced lawyer to prove his insanity. Ignorant bank cashiers would likewise be occasionally guilty of mistaking a mere operator in telegraph stock, or a savings bank president not yet entirely ready for the police, for an ordinary thief, and thus filling their traps

with a kind of game for which the thief-trap is not strictly meant. Moreover, it is to be feared that unprincipled householders would set traps in their front yards for the capture of book agents and insurance men, and that reckless clergymen would place traps in their study floors in order to shorten their interviews with designing widows and deacons with doubts concerning the true meaning of the Apocalypse.



Puck's Exchanges.

MR. CONKLING, if you get sick, Rutherford won't kiss you.—*Phila. Chronicle.*

AN exchange says: "Few men ever sneeze to suit you." This is not so lamentable as is the fact that few men ever sneeze to suit themselves.—*Rome Sentinel.*

A High Street girl, when her lover treats her, always wears gloves the color of the ice-cream she calls for.—*Newark Call.*

WHEN a man gets so low down that nobody will lie about him, he had better turn over a new leaf.—*Easton Free Press.*

Now that Semmes is dead, the Great American Editor comes out from behind the barn and mentions that he was bow-legged.—*Danbury News.*

WE are not yet so hardened in editorial sin as to tell a \$10 lie (even though it be about a camp-meeting) for a fifty cent admission ticket.—*Lyons Republican.*

It's no use, there isn't a vegetable that can ketchup with a tomato.—*Worcester Press.* Yes, but it is easy enough to go ahead of the Cabbage.—*Whitehall Times.*

It requires several days' practice for the schoolboy to become as proficient in the use of the paper-wad as he was at the close of last session.—*Salem Democrat.*

THE mind of the tramp is filled with pleasant anticipations of the season when the charity of the world takes the form of cold buckwheat-cakes.—*Newark Call.*

A WRITER in the New York *Herald* says the thing that interferes with business is too much money. Just so—too much money that you can't get hold of.—*Norristown Herald.*

IN sunny France the cry of patriots is "Vive la Republique." In this country the only patriotic cry is, "Cheaper beer, and less froth in the glass."—*Phila. Evening Chronicle.*

A WAR correspondent says the Turks live largely on beans. In that case the Russians will have hard work to save their bacon. Hope this joke is not ambiguous.—*Boston Traveller.*

DID you see that light blue ray a little to the left of where the sun had just disappeared Sunday evening? It was very clearly defined.—*Boston Transcript.* Got 'em again!—*Boston Globe.*

MOTHERS should be very careful to see that their daughters are well wrapped up while sitting out on the piazza to see "the satellites of Mars." A coat-sleeve of course is as good as far as it goes, and, to tell the truth, it generally goes as far as it can, but at best it can cover only about so much territory.—*Rochester Chronicle.*

HENRY PUTS UP A SHELF.

"Henry Archibald, do you ever intend to put that shelf up in the cellar, or has a body got to stomp their toes over preserve-jars all their life every time they go down in that dismal hole, anyhow?"

Henry leaned back from the breakfast-table. He was feeling the beneficial effects of a pound of sausage placed where it had the best effect, and, looking benignly upon the dear aggravation of his life, he observed:

"Did you say you wanted a shelf?"

"Yes, I did, about a hundred times, and you know it, too," and there was a presentiment of wrath in her accents.

"I thought I put you up a shelf only a few years ago."

"Gracious powers, man; that was when Martha was a baby, and now she can wear my shoes."

"Y-a-a-s, and turn around in 'em, too."

"Now, don't you dare to go for to aggravate me, Henry Archibald," and she shook a fateful forefinger forinst him. "Not a drop o' sleep, or a wink to eat, shall your bones see to-night, till that shelf is put up. Now, you mind that."

"Well, where's a board?" and Henry looked vaguely out in the yard, picking his teeth.

"Here's a board I've been savin' ever so long," and Mrs. A. dragged her white-pine treasure out from behind the wash-house.

"Ain't got no nails," and Henry turned the board up on its edge and sighted along it critically.

"I'll find you nails; you shan't have that for an excuse to get out of work," and she disappeared into the garret, while Henry took the paper and commenced an article on the "Source of the Amazon." Just as he was coming to the conclusion that it didn't mean the origin of Mrs. Archibald, that lady appeared.

"Here, young man, no goin' to sleep over that old paper now; get to work."

"Where's my hatchet?"

"Here it is," and she pranced out to the wood-shed after it, then she cantered over to Peel's and borrowed a saw, and carried all the things in the cellar, talking vehemently all the time, and getting in high good humor at the prospect of the shelf going up rapidly.

"Come now, dear, the things are all ready for you."

Then Henry went down and looked deeply interested while she showed him how she wanted the hangers made, and nailed them together. Then he held them up while she nailed them on the joists. Then he helped her lift the shelf into position, and sat down on a washtub with an exhausted air to contemplate the perfect work.

"I think I made a pretty good job of that, considerin'," he remarked complacently.

Mrs. A. was standing on her tip-toes, straining every muscle to drive a final nail in one of the hangers, and just then the hatchet emphasized itself on her left thumb nail, and all the milk of human kindness in her system turned into smearcase. Henry chuckled foolishly as she dropped the hatchet on her most sacred bunion, and as he fled through the open cellar way into the street, he had a vision of a crazy woman chewing her left thumb and slinging a jar of preserved plums with her right hand. It caught him on the top of the head, and breaking, spread a quart of blood-colored sweet and sticky juice impartially over his face and down his neck. The next thing he knew, he was in the arms of a policeman at the corner, in whose ear he yelled hysterically:

"Take me in; take me in quick, I tell you. I haven't got ten feet the start of eternal punishment."—*Easton Free Press.*

"MARY JANE SHOAF, is that you?" asked the 'court as a dumpy female of forty came into view over the desk.

"Indeed it is, your Honor, and I'm glad to see you once more. How has your Honor stood the hot weather, and won't your Honor be sorry when you have to shovel snow around?"

"This is the fourth time, Mary. What did I say when you were here last?"

"You said you were sorry that I had such a failing, sir, and so am I. We agree first rate, your Honor. You never sent me up yet, and if I was a judge I wouldn't send you up. I had a great big bouquet for you, sir, but the officer wouldn't wait for me to get it."

"I was in hopes to reform you by exhibiting mercy, but here you are again, and I don't see any other way except to send you up."

"I'm expecting my sister, your Honor."

"And then you'll both get drunk together?"

"No, sir, we never drinks."

"How came you drunk last night?"

"'Twas the headache, sir, and now I'll run home for the bouquet."

"No, you won't, Mary; you'll be weaving cane in less than two hours."

"Don't say that, your Honor! As soon as the flies are gone and the cold weather comes I'll be the soberest woman you ever saw. Just give me a lecture on the evils of drink and let me go, and I will whisk that bouquet up to you in a jiffy."

"Sentence already recorded, Mary--thirty days--go in and sit down."

"Your Honor, can I whisper to you?"

"No, Mary."

"Can I write to you?"

"No."

"Can't I have my uncle come and talk to you?"

"No."

"Can't I send you that bouquet?"

"No."

"Can I sit beside the driver in the Maria?"

"Yes."

"Thanks, your Honor, thanks. I knew you felt kindly towards me, and that you'd be all right if I could touch the right chord. Now where's my belt and my four yards of trail?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

MR. WATTERSON to the President—"Hello, Rutherford! Howdy? Tickled to death to see you. Come in and take a drink." The President to Mr. Watterson—"Thank you. Don't care if I do." Sudden and unexpected presence of Mrs. Hayes. "My dear," says Mrs. Hayes, "you do not forget our engagement at this precise moment! Mr. Watterson will excuse you, I am sure." Exeunt the Hayeses. Remark in a whisper—"Rutherford? didn't I tell you to keep out of such company?" Mr. Watterson to himself—"H'm! It's pretty evident this man will never be a Democrat."—*Rochester Democrat.*

You can't pick up the family Bible at this season of the year without making your wife and sister scream, and filling the room with scattered ferns and autumn leaves in all stages of pressedness. On this account we have been compelled to deprive ourself of the estimable privilege of perusing that precious book anywhere save at the office, and the *Hawkeye* copy is so thumbd by constant use that the words are almost illegible.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"WHEN is business enterprise like a kangaroo?" When it's on its last legs, to be sure.—*Worcester Press.* But you see, see here. It isn't plain how a business enterprise Kan-garoo very fast when it's on its last legs.—*Graphic.*

A MILWAUKEE editor says George Sand may have died from strong coffee, but there has been no mortality from that cause at his board-house.

OBSERVATIONS FROM EASTON.

—Ague is gently agitating Bucks county.

—Grasshoppers and flies have unanimously adjourned.

—It is now legal to shoot deer if you can get near enough.

—Young girls, what has become of the aprons of your mothers?

—"Cubslasher" is the latest inelegant name for a school-teacher.

—This is a good time for fashionable invalids to lay in their favorite ailment for winter.

—It is said there is a fifty-dollar greenback out; our information, however, is altogether hearsay, and likely to remain so.

—Fall railroad time-tables are now about ripe, and the crop of people who "just missed" promises to be unusually large.

—If everybody attended to their own business as strictly as the mosquito does, we would be a happier and better people.

—The man of the house is in an awful hurry to get back to business now, and will be until he notices that the parlor stove is up.—*Easton Free Press.*

"BEGINNING to leave—the leaves." "You that have coal to shed, prepare to shed it now," etc., etc., etc. We get off these stereotyped paragraphs for the benefit of our country exchanges.—*Newark Call. (Metropolitan.)*

"THERE are seventy establishments in the United States devoted to the manufacture of window glass, and millions of small boys to break it, and it's nip and tuck between them all the time, with the odds in favor of the boys.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

WHAT is the difference between a schoolboy studying his lesson and a farmer watching his cows? Ans.: One is stocking his mind and the other is minding his stock.—*Norristown Herald.*

THERE is one good thing about being a Mormon. If a wife runs away with another chap the lonesome husband isn't compelled to get up and cook his own breakfast.—*Phila. Chronicle.*

THE time approaches when the prevailing young woman shall discover that she is suffering for autumn leaves, and a young man to pilot her through the pathless forest.—*Easton Free Press.*

It is easy to run a republican paper in France. For instance, you write an able article against the administration, and then you don't write any more for several weeks.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

FASHIONABLE ministers rarely preach to their congregations now. Their remarks are specially addressed to the two or three gentlemen in front to whom the church is heavily mortgaged.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

WE have popular hotel and steamboat clerks, popular policemen and popular clergymen, and now and then we read that a young and poplar tree was struck by lightning the other day.—*Hartford Sunday Globe.*

AMONG the distinguished visitors soon expected at the Yellow Stone National Park are Chief Joseph and his followers. The indications are that Joseph will get there some days in advance of his followers.—*Union Argus.*

ABOUT two years ago, McClellan was fined two dollars in Orange for fast driving. This fact will, doubtless, be brought out in the coming political canvass with telling effect.—*Newark Call.*

THE late Raphael Semmes was so bow-legged that he had to have his pantaloons cut out around a cart-wheel.—*Hawkeye*.

"MARRIAGE" is liked by the Philadelphia critics. Now the first thing to do is to find out whether there is such a place as Philadelphia, and the second, whether they grow critics there.—*Evening Telegram*.

BRIGHAM YOUNG appeared to a medium the other day and remarked: "It's pretty hot here, but nothing like it was in Salt Lake when I bought Amelia that seal-skin sacque, and left the rest to turn their last year's alpaca."—*Brookville Jeffersonian*.

It is announced that Mr. C. H. Morgan, the catcher and captain of the Yale University base ball nine, has left college. We suspect he couldn't learn anything more about base ball there, and didn't think it worth while throwing his time and money away on other studies.—*Norr. Herald*.

SPARTANSBURG, S. C., boasts of a woman, 90 years of age, who recently walked a quarter of a mile to hear a funeral sermon. If this Spartan woman requires that sort of mental pabulum her friends should read her a couple of pages from a London comic weekly, and thus obviate the necessity for her taking long walks in her old age.—*Norristown Herald*.

HAYES made a sad mess of a scriptural quotation at a recent camp-meeting. There are some things in which editors excel kings. One of them is the instinct which induces a scribe to reach out his left hand for the testament while his pencil is nervously making the quotation marks before a Bible quotation.—*Rhinebeck Gazette*.

SAYS the St. Louis *Journal*: "A pair of boot-lasts have been made for Leonard Wilcox, of Rome, N. Y., who is seven feet in height and weighs 600 pounds. The lasts are twenty-two inches in length, seven in height, and eighteen around the instep." As a news item this is a gorgeous success, but as a statement of fact, it does not score one in a possible twelve thousand.—*Rome Sentinel*.

HARPER'S BAZAR says: "Ladies will wear camel's-hair ulsters this winter." We don't like to dispute such an authority as the *Bazar*, but we'll bet Mr. Harper \$500 we know one woman who will wear the same old eighty-five cent water-proof all winter long, unless her husband's lottery ticket catches a more Christian number than noughty-nought hundred and noughty-nought, as it did last time.—*Hawkeye*.

AN exchange speaks of the "Genesis of Mark Twain." Thought he was booked as a Levity-cuss.—*Boston Post*. Now look out for Numbers of jokes on this subject. But when a man challenges you on a job of this kind, it wouldn't Deuteron—my—no.—*N. Y. Commercial*. We should like to be cunning, too; but the fact is, our copy of Shakspeare has been hooked.—*Rochester Democrat*. Isn't it time we had an Exodus of such Paragraphs?—*Fishkill Standard*. It is. The Acts of some 'graphers don't Luke well in print.—*Camden Post*. We are glad to Mark Amos encouraging familiarity with Scripture among paragraphers.—*Rome Sentinel*.

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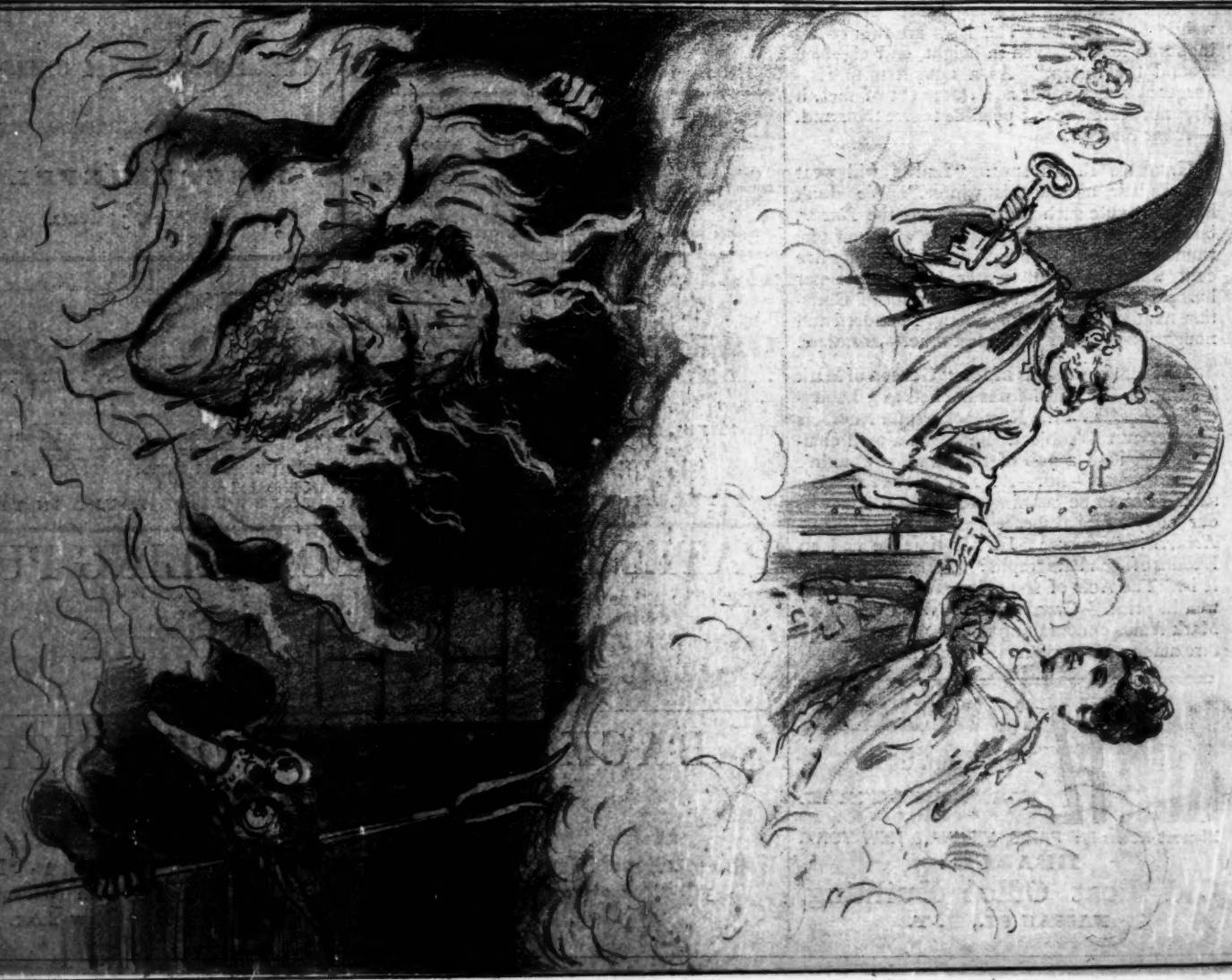
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BATHAM YOUNG: "Well this is hard! There's St. Peter letting that arson, Titian, in up there, and here am I, a full-blooded apostle, roasting away at a terrible rate!"